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Cimarron Citizen
 GEO. E. REMLEY, Editor

A Weekly Paper, published each
 Wednesday, in the interests of
 Cimarron, the Cimarron Valley,
 Colfax County, and the Terri-
 tory of New Mexico.
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EDITORIAL

ABOUT KNOCKERS.

Until a few days ago, the Citizen would have been willing to bet any amount of money that Cimarron was entirely free from the pests. Looking at it from a logical view point, it seemed that such a thing as a "knocker" in Cimarron was impossible. But all bets are now off. We have three. We are all here for some reason or other.

Some because we love the place, others because we intend to make our stake here, but whatever reason we are here for, we are here, and most of us are here to stay. Even the transients are here for a purpose. The purpose which brings us here and keeps us here is because we think this is the place above all places where we can live and live happily. We all want wealth and happiness. Wealth is of no use without happiness, but merely a means toward that end. So we are all after wealth also. It seems to the Citizen that it is a pretty mean man that will come into Cimarron, or any other place for that matter, and then deliberately "knock" villify, disparage and belittle the place that gives them what they come after. If you are after wealth, the surest way to fail in your undertaking is to belittle and villify the place that gives you the best opportunity it possesses. From a business standpoint, it is poor policy to "knock" and run down a place on whose welfare your advancement depends. From any other standpoint, it is a damned low proceeding, and the Citizen would put it more forcefully than this were it not for the fact that there are postal regulations against that sort of thing. "Knocking" is similar to making your wife take in washing in order that you may buy whiskey.

There is another thing about knocking. A wide awake, hustling business man, one who respects himself, and plays fair in all things, very seldom knocks or is known to disparage and whine. He don't need to. He has things coming his way, because those who deal with him know that they are getting what they ask for, and that he plays the game fairly without trying to juggle the deck. Such a man pushes rapidly to the front, because, after all, this old world loves the clean minded, upright, pushing hustler, who will give as much as he takes, all jokes and poetry to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Knocking" is a sign of incapacity as surely as the rising sun is the sign of approaching day. It shows either incapacity, laziness, lack of mental or physical caliber, or dishonesty in either great or small things. A man will always knock if he has tried a small trick or some sharp practice and failed to work his game. Show me a knocker and I will show you a man who has one of the above characteristics. Of late the pests have become mighty scarce in Cimarron, but if you know one in secret hiding, a little analysis will show one or all of these points in his makeup, and in addition to this, you will discover that he is a plain fool, an imbecile, and that the less you have to do with him the better it will be for your happiness and business. Talk happiness, think happiness and BE HAPPY. Don't growl at the hand that feeds you. Cimarron is your home. Don't throw the gasoline of disparagement around and raise the INSURANCE RATES. The disease is contagious. Herd the "knockers" off by themselves and keep them in place where he's goin'. That goat was there. It is the safest plan.

The Rev. James on his recent visit to Cimarron told a story that, while it was not intended to apply to "knockers," does so very nicely. A breeder of fine Angora goats was accustomed to attach to the wool of each goat shipped, a tag stating destination. He had an old negro working for him whom he instructed to take a particularly fine animal to the depot for shipment by express. On arriving at the station, no destination tag could be found attached to the goat. Much perplexed, the old negro scratched his head, and finally said, "Well, marse, espres man abs cittenly profixed. Dat air goat done eat up the place war he's goin'." That was

a knocker, and all knockers are goats that will eventually eat up every place where they may be or may go. Cimarron is to be congratulated that it has but a few of the "sarpents," only two or three goats; but let us see to it that we have no more. And, better still, let us see that those we do have are converted.

RANGE QUOTES CITIZEN.

In the Raton Range of the 14th appeared a very newsy article on the new town of Colfax. This was an article of much interest, and deserves to be given wide circulation both because it was well written and because the subject was deserving. We know it was interesting and well written because it was written for the Cimarron Citizen of March 11th, and was printed in its columns on that date. Don't think that the Citizen does not like to have its articles copied by other papers. Far from it. It wants to have all possible attention taken of what appears in its columns and it congratulates the Range on knowing what really is news. Knowing as it does that the article was well worth reprinting, the Citizen does not wonder that the Range took this opportunity to get a real live piece of news in its columns. Nor will the fact that the article was not credited to the Citizen cause it to bring a charge of plagiarism against the Range. Technically the Range was not guilty of plagiarism, because the article as it appeared, was somewhat changed, by omitting all reference to Cimarron. It may seem strange to some that the people who are conducting the Cimarron News and Press, a paper purporting to be published in the interests of Cimarron, should cut out all reference to Cimarron in the article which appeared in the Raton paper called the Raton Range. And doubly strange, since a little harmless boosting for a neighboring city can harm on one. The Citizen will not treasure up this little lapse on the part of the Range, and blame Raton for it. Raton is one of Cimarron's best friends, and the Citizen will always take pleasure in saying the truth about our county seat, and the truth about Raton is always better than fiction.

NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD?

The Citizen has been preaching the planting of trees in every issue of its existence. Many people have stated that they would be glad to plant trees, but for the fact that the stock which runs at large would surely kill everything that they planted.

The Citizen wishes to assure its readers that there is a law in effect which makes it unlawful to allow stock to run at large, even in an unincorporated city or town. The loose stock has been a great annoyance to a few individuals, and complaint has been made to Justice of the Peace J. S. Wilson, with the result that notices were posted to the effect that all owners of stock allowing it to run at large, would be prosecuted as is by law provided. It is a shame that such a step is necessary. If we are going to make a metropolis of Cimarron we must be mindful of the rights of others, and every man should be public spirited enough to keep up his stock. If he won't do so without being forced to, then the Citizen is in favor of going after him and doing it hard. The public is hereby warned that if any loose burros are found eating the fresh, spicy news with which the Citizen is filled, or are caught in the Citizen office drinking the ink or devouring the office cat the owners will be prosecuted to the full limit of the law.

But seriously, why be made to do things you should do without the application of force? Give the trees of Cimarron a chance.

By all means have the present Prince of Wales come and see us, as his father did. Future kings of England can form no better habit than that of dropping on American commonwealth.

Secretary Metcalf is going to find out himself whether the warship's armor belt is to low. As a California lawyer he is of course a naval expert.

ABOUT BOOSTERS.

The Citizen has said what it wanted to on "Knockers." It preaches happiness and cheerful talk, and it is here to practice it. It believes in Cimarron, the Cimarron Valley and the Territory of New Mexico, and by so doing, to advance its own interests. We have the resource, the climate and the men. We have a friendly feeling for each other, and we all pull together at all times. All we need is team work, and we are going to get it. If a chap comes into town with a plan to do things, help him along. Show him you are interested in him and his plan. Speak a good word for him, your city, yourself and your friends. Make him like the place and you. A man can't have too many friends. Do a good turn here and another there. Give the glad helping hand to everyone, and the first thing you know you will be popular in spite of yourself. Patronize home business men and home industries. Being situated as we are in a new city, it may cost you a little more at times, but in the end it will all come back to you. Every person has to live, and each depends largely on you for his support. Your living depends on the others in turn. Be fair and upright in your dealings. Make it known that your word is good. Do all these things and you are a "Booster." Exaggerated and extremely optimistic tales do not make a booster. Optimism is a fine thing, but when coupled with the plain truth, is still finer. We don't have to exaggerate to make good here in Cimarron. But we will all have to boost to make Cimarron what it is entitled to be. And when the Citizen says boost, it means boost in the right manner. In order to help the boosting along, its columns are always open to the public. Everyone is free to seek its aid in promoting and carrying forward any legitimate enterprise. It is here to help you and help itself. As an indication that it means what it says, it will make the same offer that was made last week. This offer is contained elsewhere in this issue. Help us boost. Be a booster and a Cimarronite.

MARRIED HOUSEKEEPER TO KEEP HER IN FAMILY

Atlantic City, March 23.—It took Bill Harris, engineer at the Longport Water Works, just three days to find out that Mrs. B. F. Frease, a pretty widow, was the proper prescription in the housekeeping line. When her mother objected to Mrs. Frease being the only servant in the house with Harris and his children, Bill resorted to heroic measures to keep the prize in the family.

"I'd rather marry her than lose her," said Bill. "That is, providing she's willing."

"That's agreeable to me," said Mrs. Frease.

"And it disposes of my grumble," said her mother.

Without further ado the party adjourned to the nearest parsonage and in a few minutes Mrs. Frease had changed her name and Harris had obtained the exclusive rights to her pantry productions. Mrs. Frease was engaged as housekeeper on Wednesday and married to her employer on Saturday.

"She's the original merry widow," said Bill. "Always singing and happy, and the children are as fond of her as I am." m

SUGGESTS CREATING DUKES IN PHILIPPINES

Washington, D. C., March 23.—In the course of a discussion in the house today Mr. DeArmond referring as he said to the failure of the Philippines to accomplish anything, suggested "a useful purpose to which the Philippines may be devoted."

He declared amid laughter and applause "why not raise in the Philippines, instead of importing the necessary quantum of barons and dukes and counts and other titled bipeds?"

In this case, he said, there would be a domestic industry organized, against which there could be no objection.

"There would be no trouble," he said, "in negotiating with our home made dukes. We could fix our own tariff rates and determine what he should pay for the privilege of exporting to the Philippines such of our daughters as we would desire to part with and to accompany with a right handsome dot."

He asked further, "why contribute all our millions to those titled gentlemen in Europe in order to dispose of our American daughters, in order to make them countess or some other sort of titled lady?"

The Western Senator who has taken up smoking at seventy-seven may be free from fear that it will stunt his growth or decrease his lung capacity.

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While Cimarron is fortunately located in the healthiest part of the world, we are not here for our health. Don't mistake us. Give us a chance at your business. Keep shy of any concern that advertises to give you something for nothing. Our motto is "The Golden Rule."

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